



L I F E A N D D E A T H

PROMETHEUS™

2 OF 4

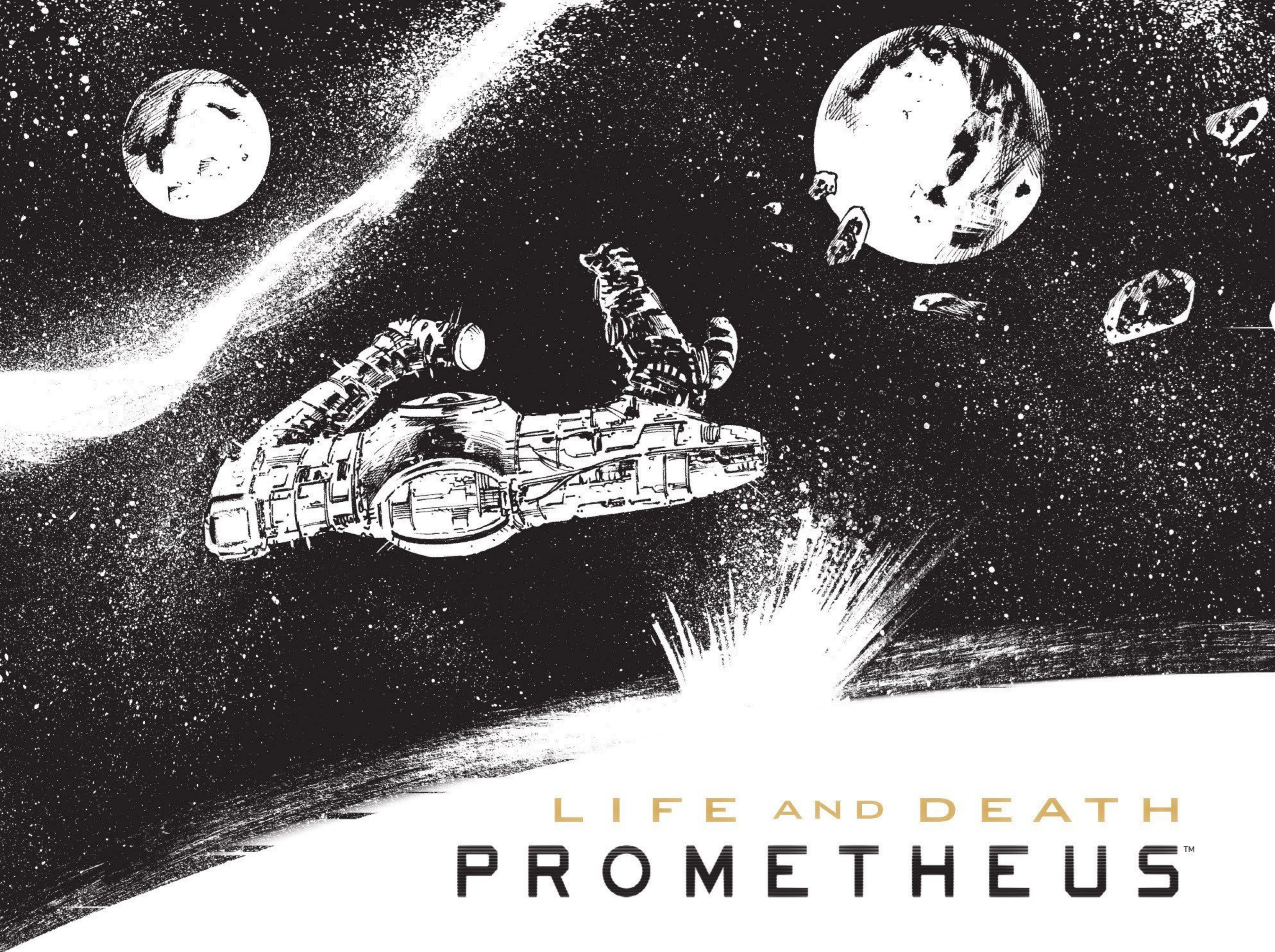
DAN
ABNETT

ANDREA
MUTTI

RAIN
BEREDO

ON A WORLD OF
FIRE AND STONE!





LIFE AND DEATH PROMETHEUS™

SCRIPT **DAN ABNETT** ART **ANDREA MUTTI** COLORS **RAIN BEREDO** LETTERING **MICHAEL HEISLER** COVER ART **DAVID PALUMBO**

PART SIX OF SEVENTEEN OF **LIFE AND DEATH**

This story takes place approximately forty-three years after the events in the motion picture *Aliens* (and just over a year after the events in the *Fire and Stone* story cycle).

After a pitched battle with a group of Predators on the planet Tartarus (LV-797), a squad of Colonial Marines and some survivors from an ill-fated Seegson Corp. mission managed to secure—and launch—a mysterious horseshoe-shaped alien spaceship.

As the rest of the marine company returned to their own ship to escort the captured alien vessel back to Earth, the humanoid pilot of the alien vessel awoke from stasis. Helpless against the pilot, the humans onboard hid within the bowels of the ship while its pilot changed course—leaving the marine vessel behind and heading for a remote world known as LV-223 . . .

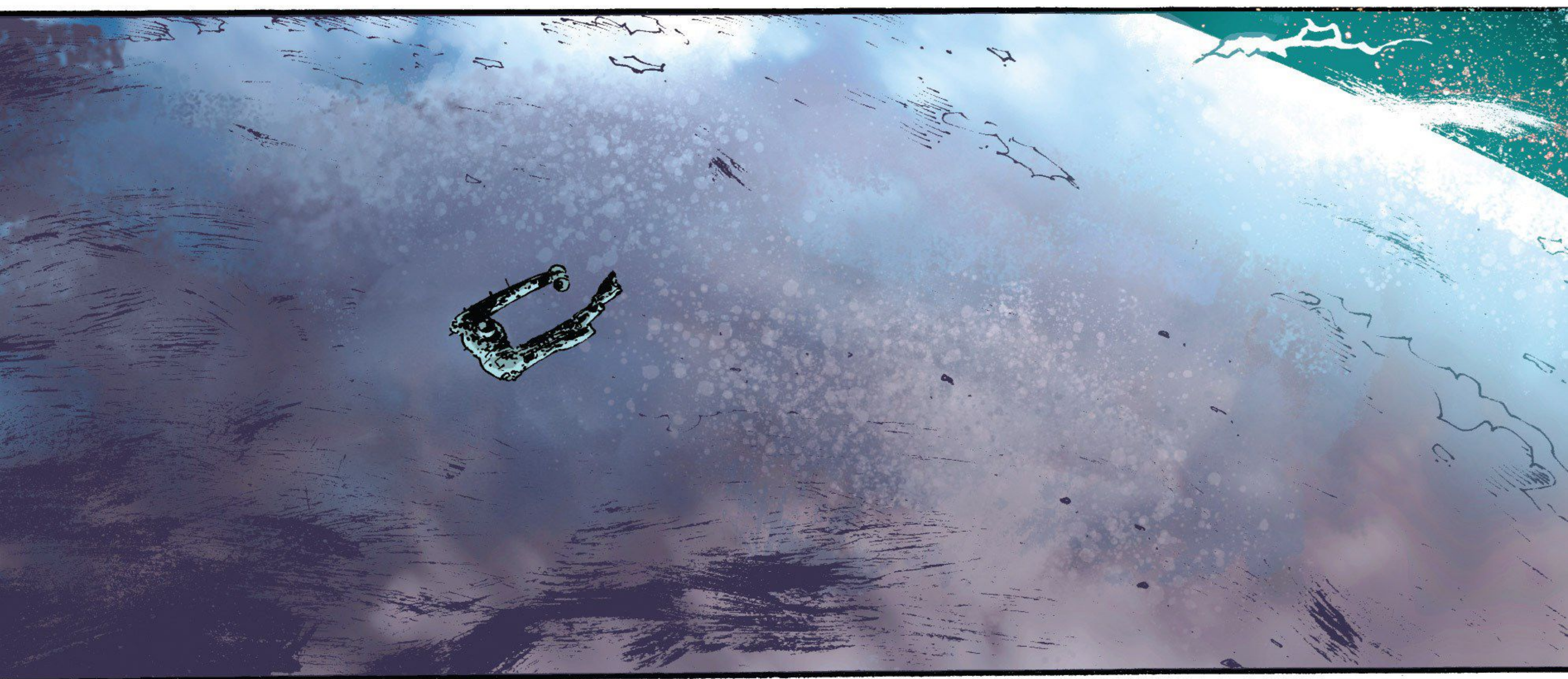
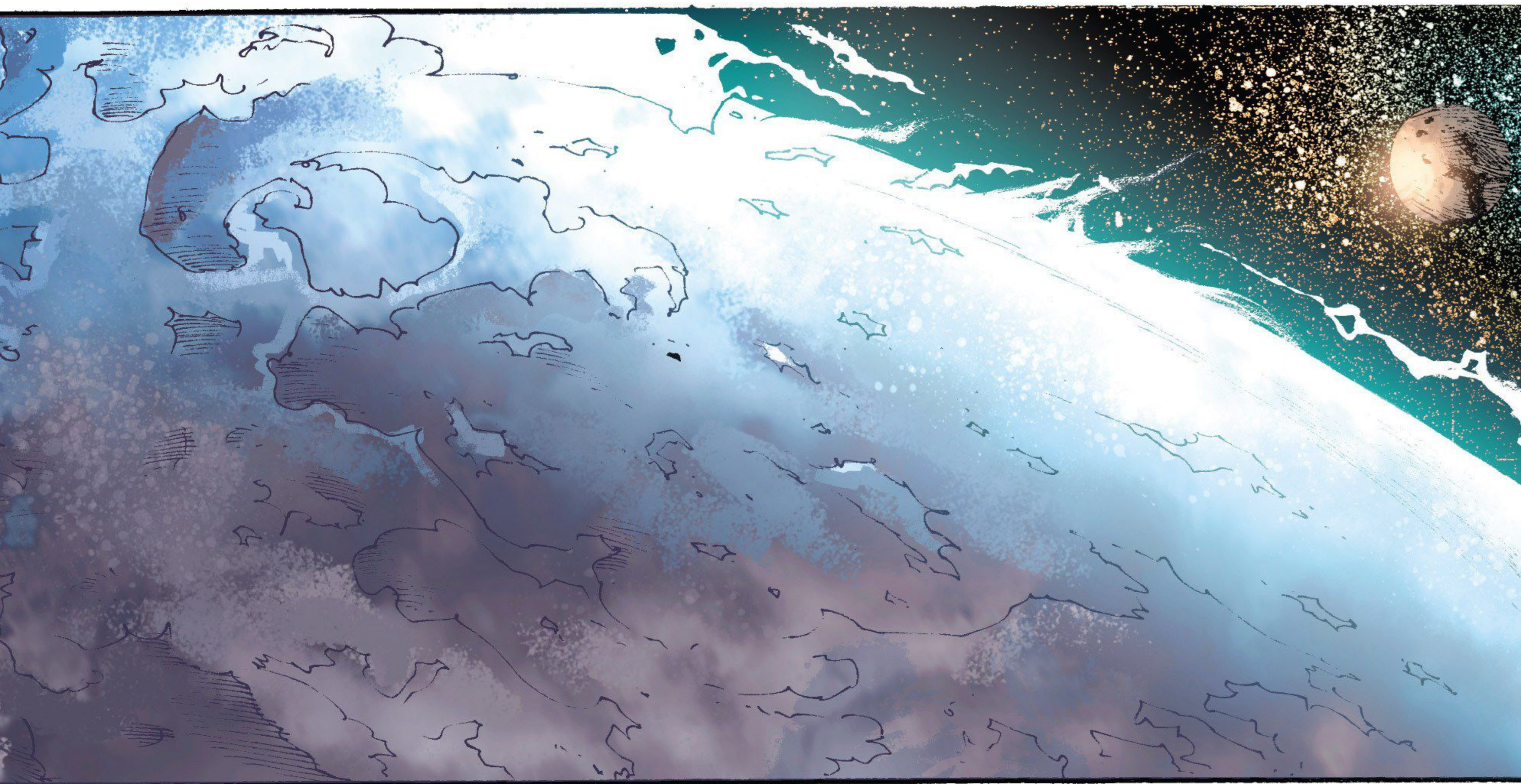
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Special thanks to Josh Izzo and Nicole Spiegel at Twentieth Century Fox.

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"...THEY'RE BACK. THEY'VE GOD DAMN WELL COME BACK."

"PLEASE, GOD, TELL ME YOU'RE JOKING."

"SORRY, KID. THAT'S THE WAY IT IS. I'M LOOKING AT ONE THROUGH MY SCOPE RIGHT NOW. A GOD DAMN ENGINEER."

"I CAN'T...I JUST...NOT AFTER EVERYTHING. I CAN'T FACE THEM AGAIN TOO. WE'RE SCREWED."

"C'MON, KID. BUCK UP. WE'LL GO TELL THE OTHERS. WE'LL MAKE A PLAN. YOU KNOW HOW GOOD YOUR CAPTAIN IS AT MAKING PLANS."

"I...I GUESS."

THAT'S MY GIRL. CHIN UP. WE'LL GO BACK, MAKE A PLAN, AND GET THROUGH THIS LIKE WE'VE GOT THROUGH EVERYTHING ELSE, OKAY?

'KAY.

HEY, HOW LONG HAVE WE STAYED ALIVE ON THIS ROCK, AGAINST ALL THE GOD DAMN ODDS, HUH? HOW LONG?

OKAY, OKAY. WE'LL GO TELL THE CAPTAIN.



THAT'S
RIGHT,
AND THEN
WE'LL --

SHIT.

WHAT?



PEOPLE.

WHAT
PEOPLE?



"GOD DAMN
PEOPLE. GETTING
OFF THE SHIP."

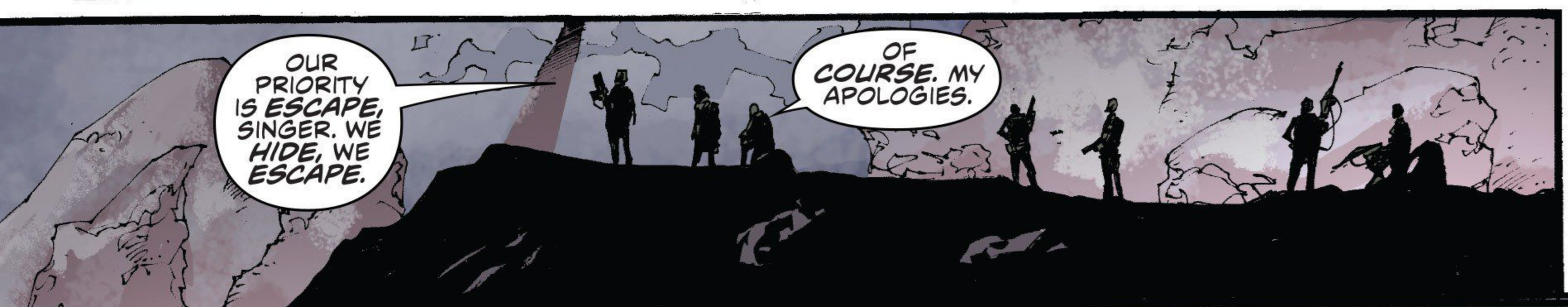
"ARE YOU
SHITTING ME?"

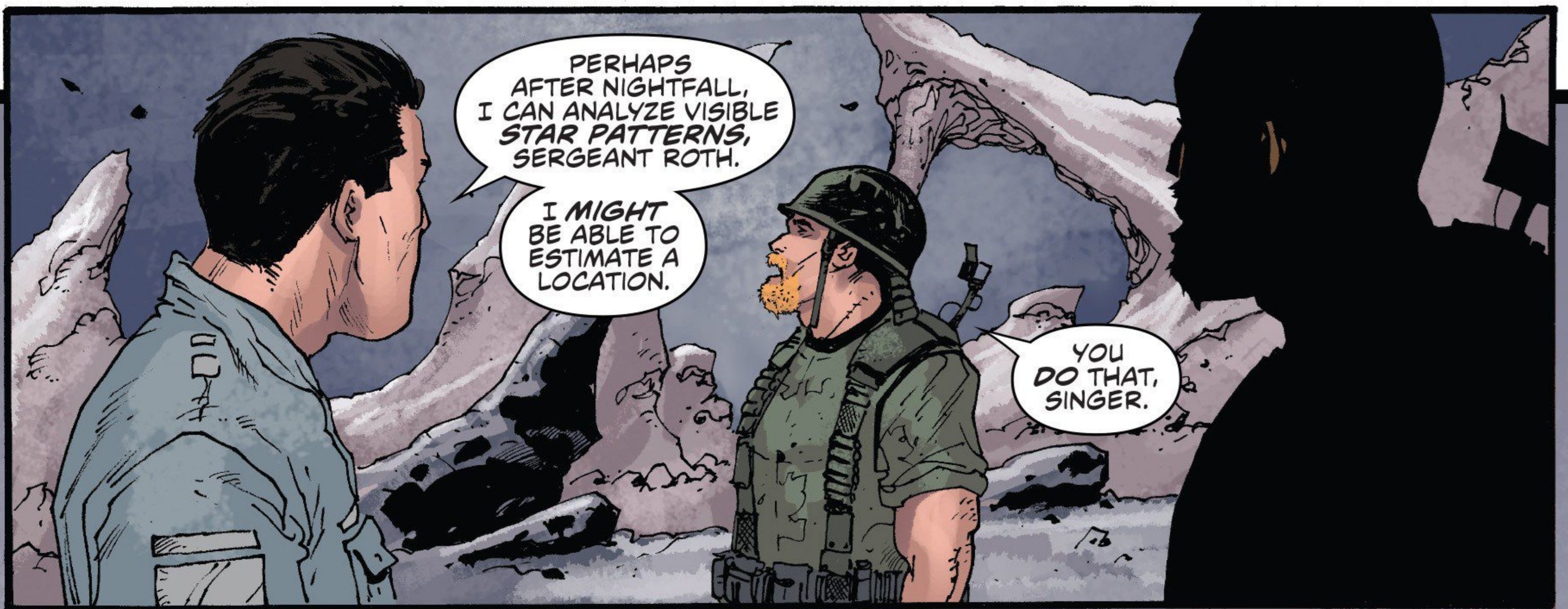
"SWEAR TO GOD, I COUNT
SEVEN -- NO, EIGHT. THEY
LOOK LIKE... JESUS, THEY'RE
COLONIAL MARINES."



"MARINES?
SERIOUSLY?
WHAT ARE
THEY DOING?"

"THEY'RE *RUNNING*.
RUNNING FOR *COVER*,
AWAY FROM THE SHIP.
OH, CHRIST! NOT THAT
WAY, YOU IDIOTS..."







EVERYBODY UP. I WANT TO GET A GOOD COUPLE OF **KLICKS** FROM THAT SHIP.

RUCKER? FREEBODY? TAKE POINT.

GOT IT, SARGE.

CONSERVE AMMO, OKAY?



WEARING? JHALIL? BREAK OUT THE **TESTER** PACKS.

WE FIND **WATER** OR ANYTHING THAT LOOKS **EDIBLE**, WE RUN SAMPLES. **PRIORITY**.

THAT INCLUDE **WILDLIFE**, SARGE?



LET'S HOPE THERE **ISN'T** ANY **WILDLIFE**.



SINGER? GET THE **BEACON** WORKING.

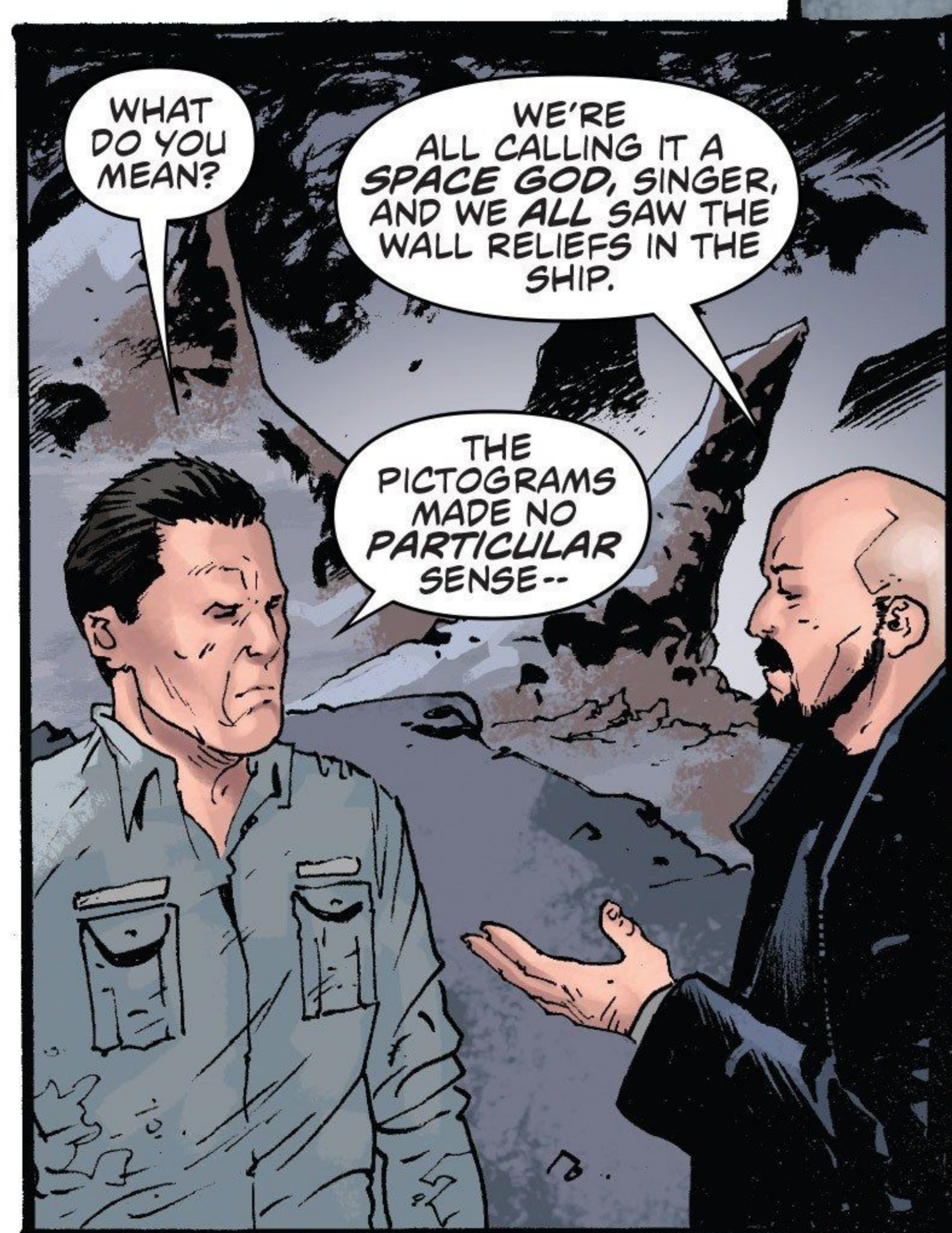
HOLD THE **HELL** ON, ROTH...



YOU'RE **WORRIED** ABOUT THAT **GOD DAMN SPACE GOD** SO MUCH, THAT **FREAK'S** GONNA **HEAR** A **BEACON**.

PAGET **WILL** HAVE BROUGHT THE SHIP AFTER US. I **KNOW** SHE **WILL**.

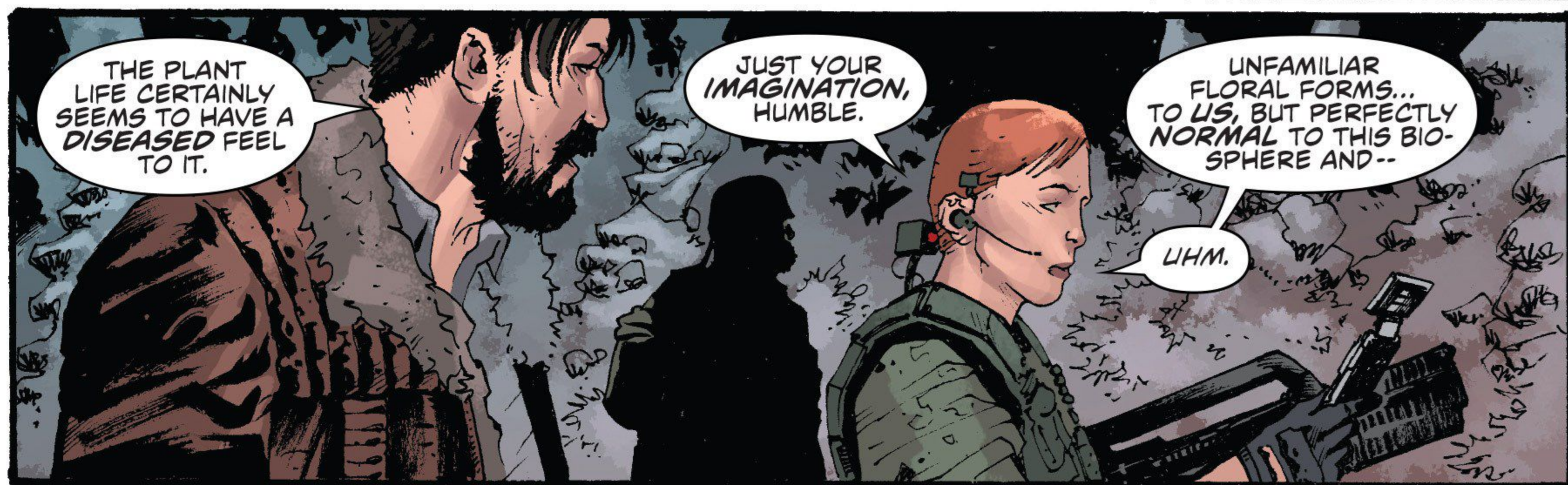
SHE **WON'T** FIND US WITHOUT A **BEACON**.





WOW, THIS PLACE IS A HOLE.

EVERYTHING SEEMS SO SICK. IT'S CREEPY.



THE PLANT LIFE CERTAINLY SEEMS TO HAVE A DISEASED FEEL TO IT.

JUST YOUR IMAGINATION, HUMBLE.

UNFAMILIAR FLORAL FORMS... TO US, BUT PERFECTLY NORMAL TO THIS BIOSPHERE AND--

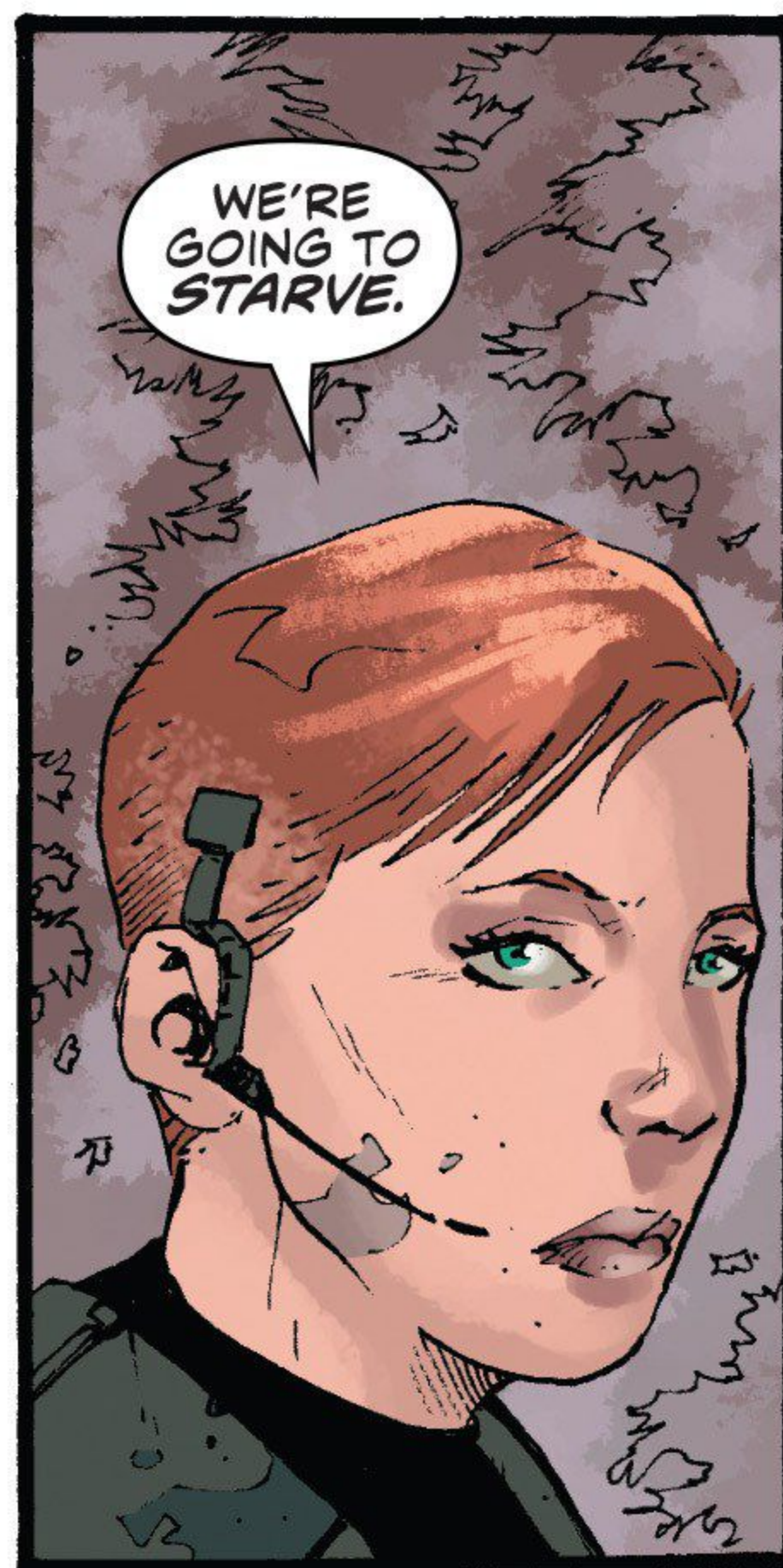
UHM.



"UHM," WEARING?

TOXIC.

I MEAN COMPLETELY TOXIC.



WE'RE GOING TO STARVE.



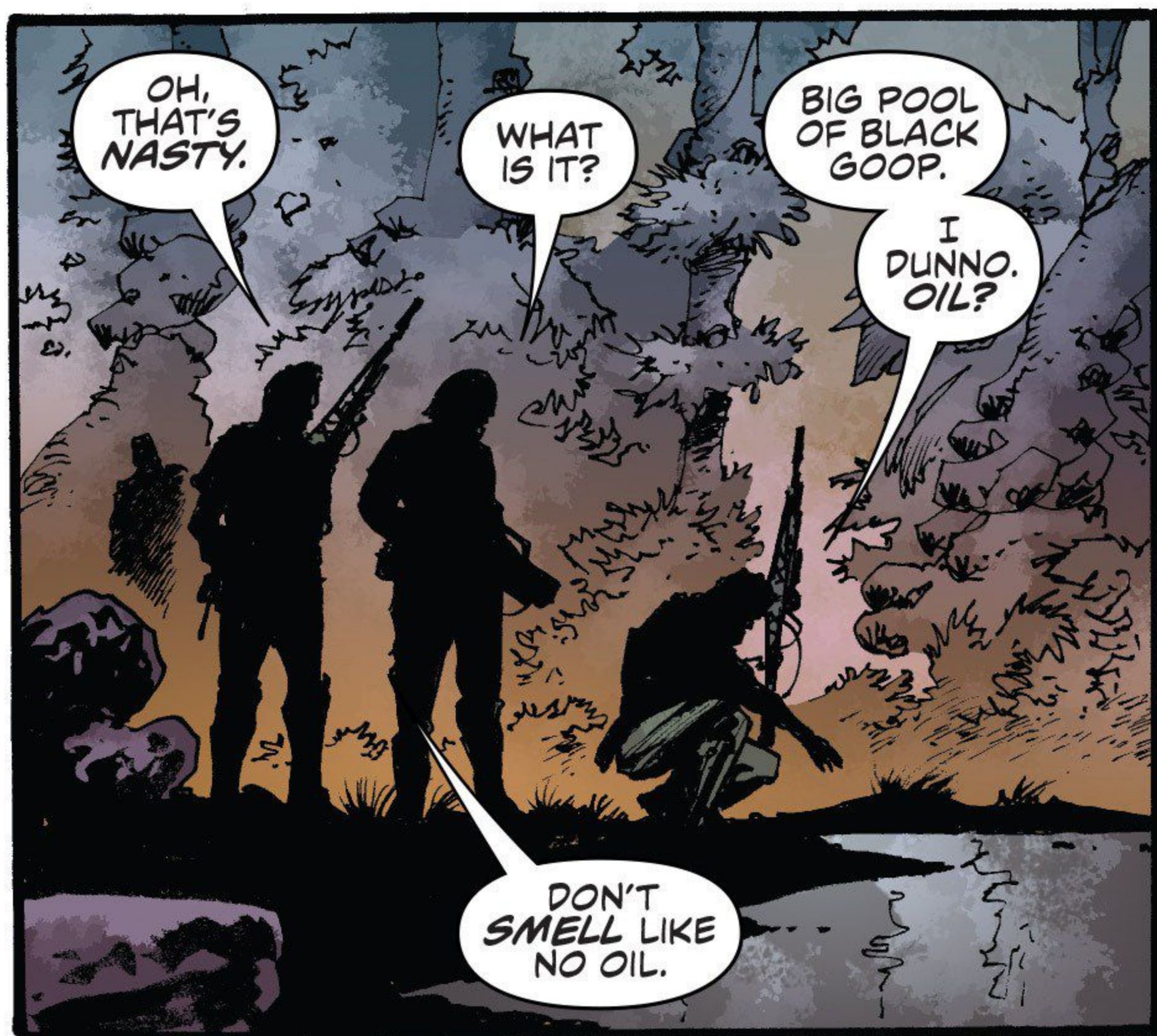
GET OFF, HUMBLE.

SO PULL AWAY FROM ME.

OR TAKE SOME DAMN COMFORT WHEN IT'S OFFERED.



HEY!
OVER
HERE!



OH,
THAT'S
NASTY.

WHAT
IS IT?

BIG POOL
OF BLACK
GOOP.

I
DUNNO.
OIL?

DON'T
SMELL LIKE
NO OIL.

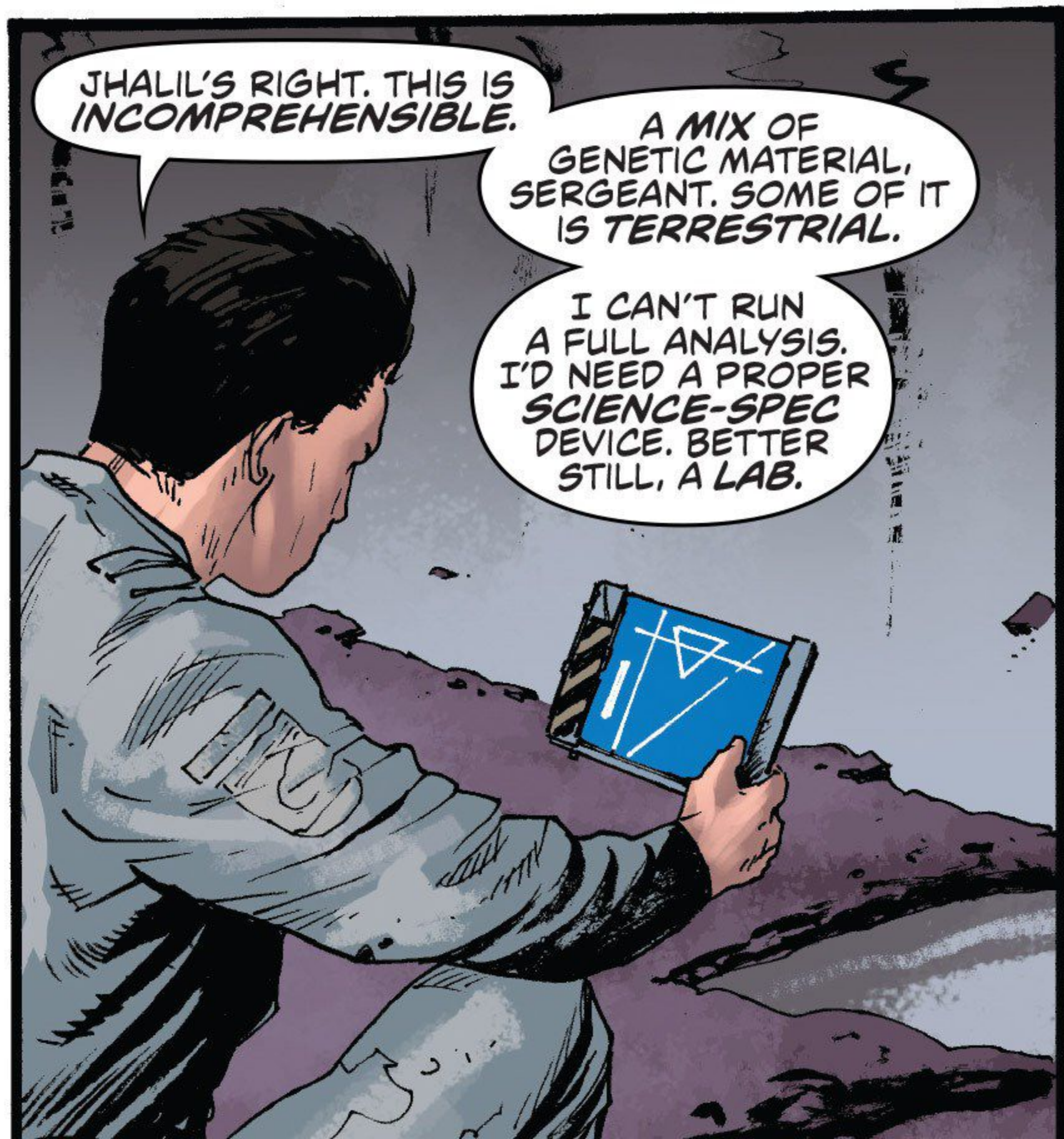


IT'S
ORGANIC.
ACTIVE.

IT'S A GENETIC
SOUP. ALL KINDA
GENETIC STRANDS
MIXED UP.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
IT.

SINGER?



JHALIL'S RIGHT. THIS IS
INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

A MIX OF
GENETIC MATERIAL,
SERGEANT. SOME OF IT
IS TERRESTRIAL.

I CAN'T RUN
A FULL ANALYSIS.
I'D NEED A PROPER
SCIENCE-SPEC
DEVICE. BETTER
STILL, A LAB.

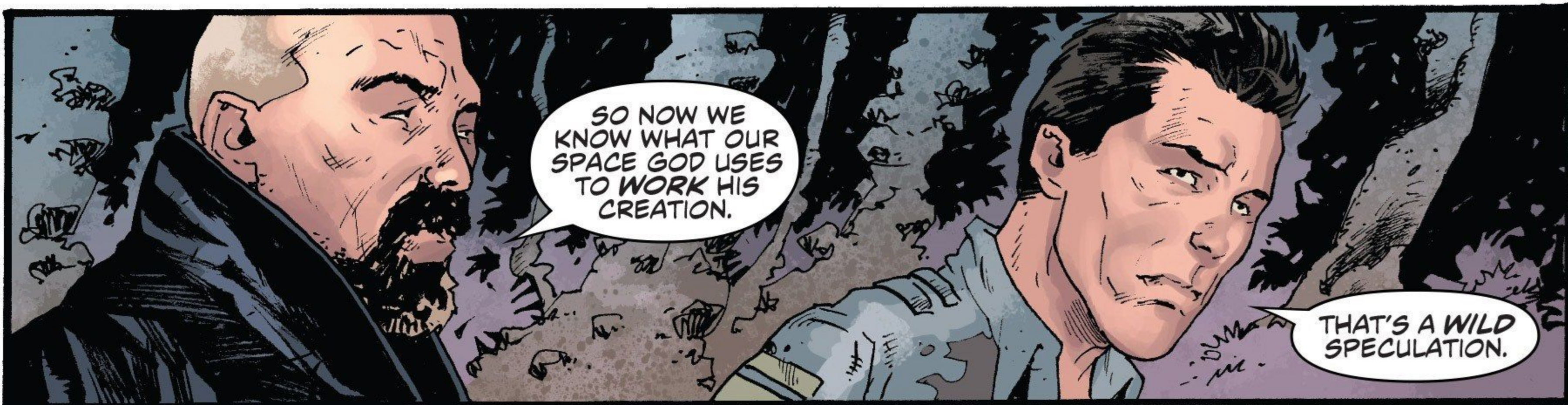
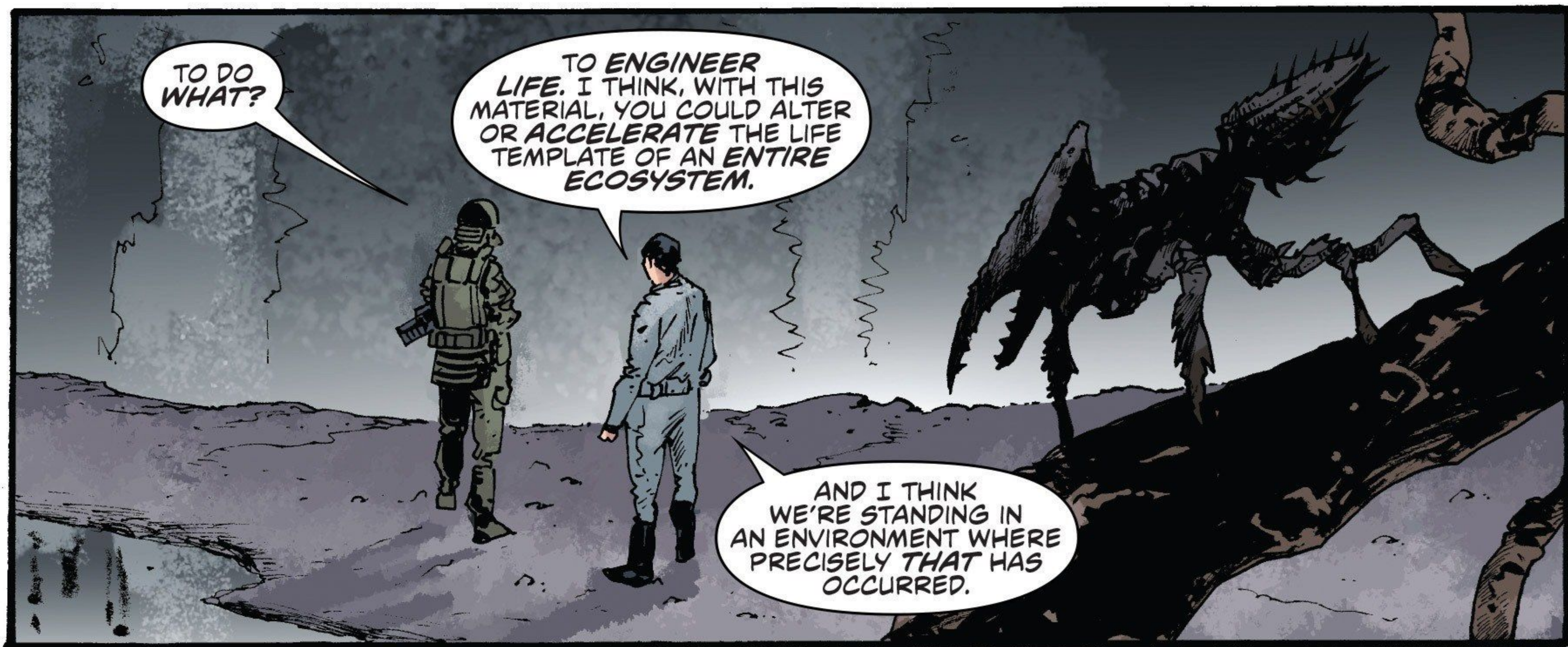


BUT
IT'S ACTIVE. IT'S
RECOMBINANT.

AND IT'S
ARTIFICIAL.

WHAT?

THIS
SUBSTANCE
IS A GENETIC
SOLUTION
THAT'S BEEN
ARTIFICIALLY
ENGINEERED.



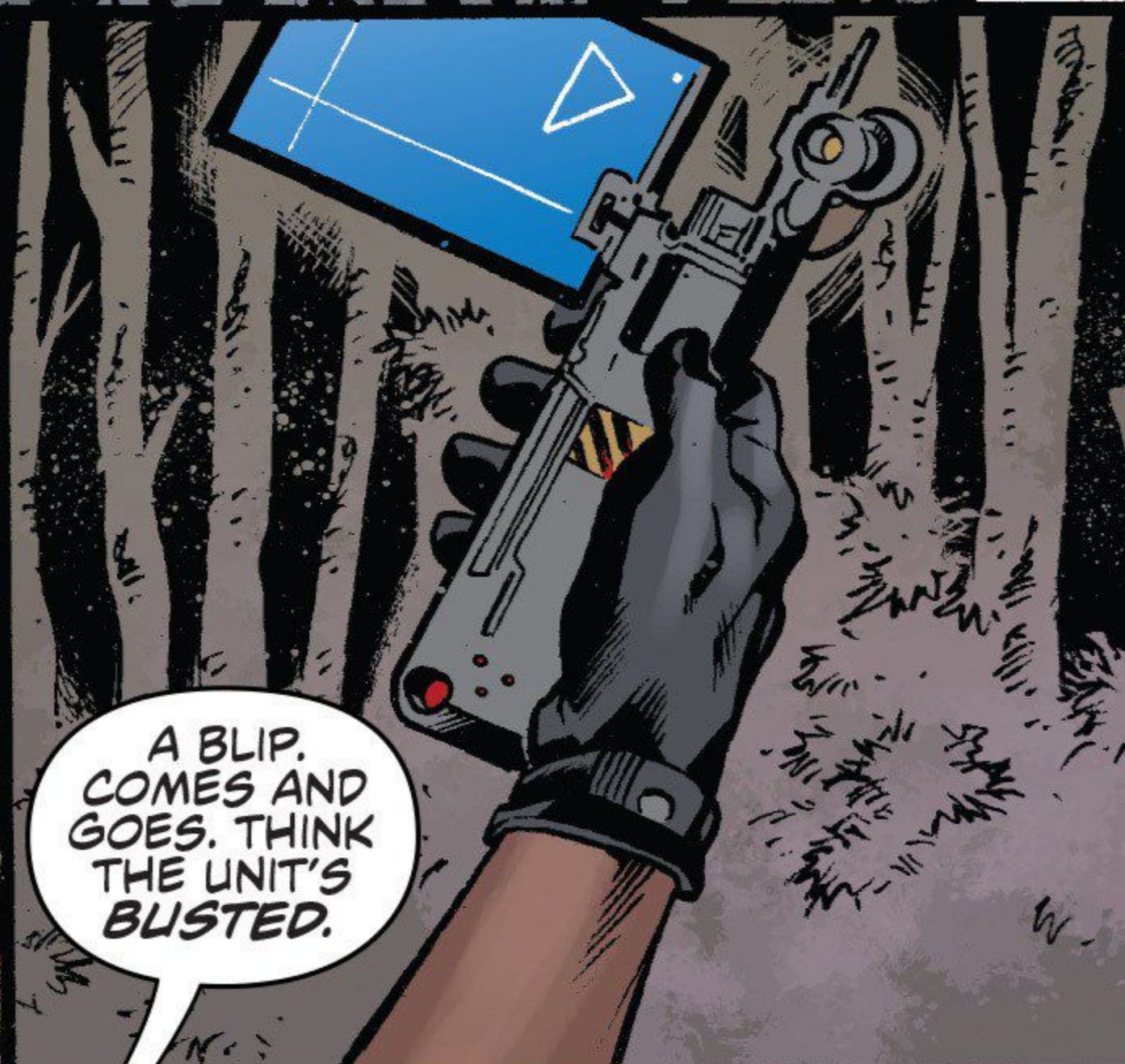


SARGE?



FREEBODY?
TALK TO ME.

SOMETHING'S
OUT THERE.



A BLIP.
COMES AND
GOES. THINK
THE UNIT'S
BUSTED.



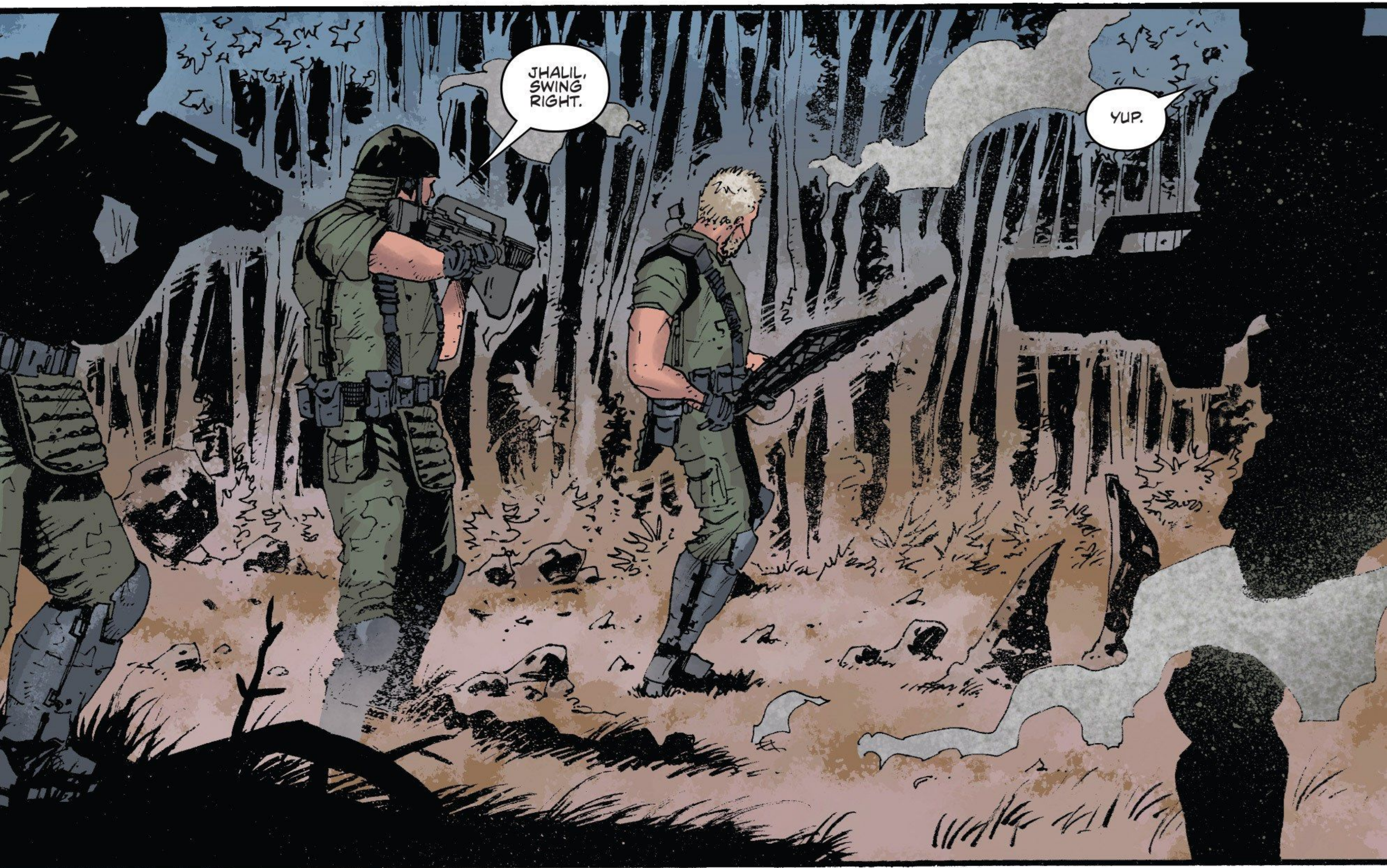
I THINK
FREEBS
IS RIGHT,
SARGE.

SOMETHING IN
THE THICKET.



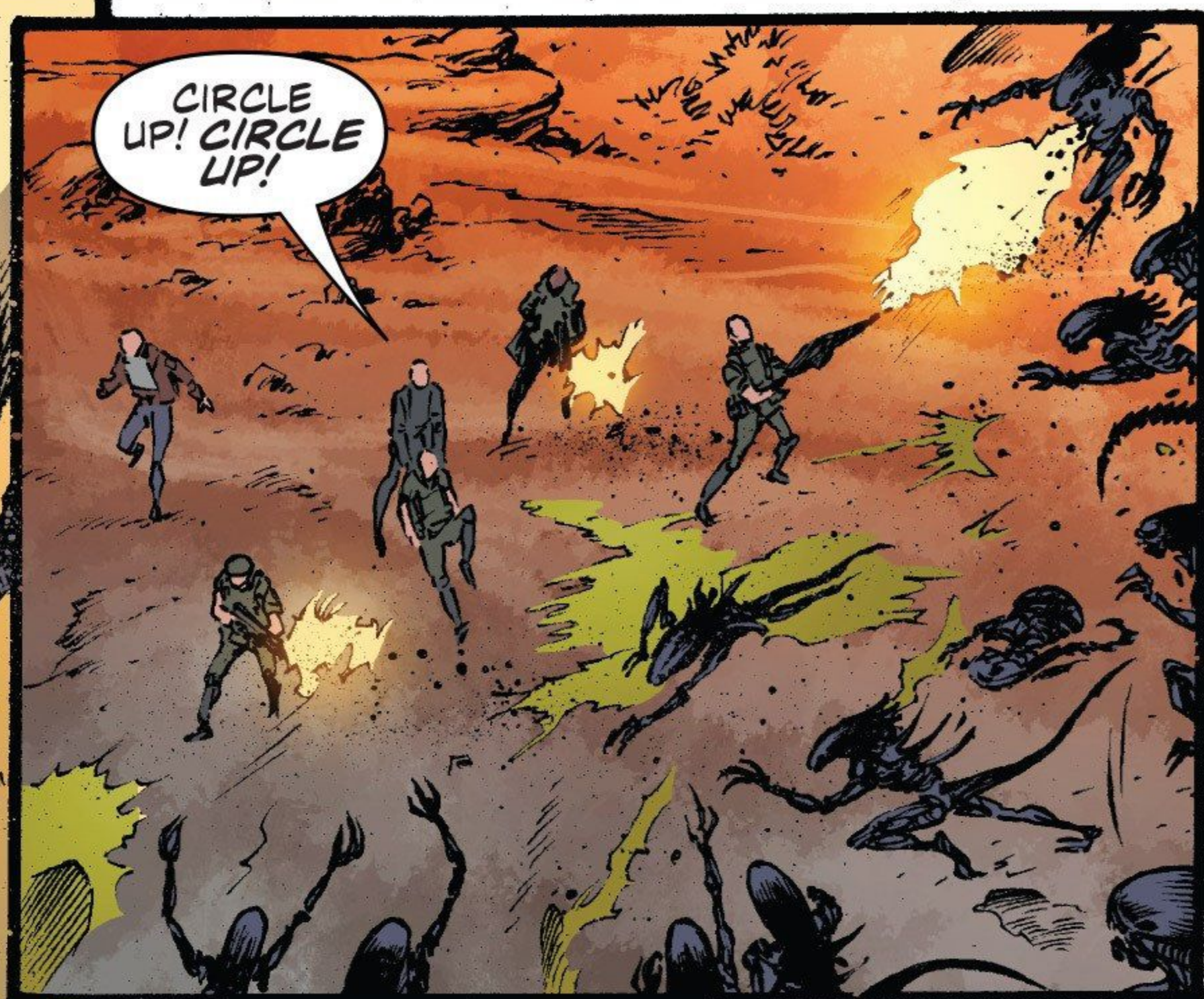
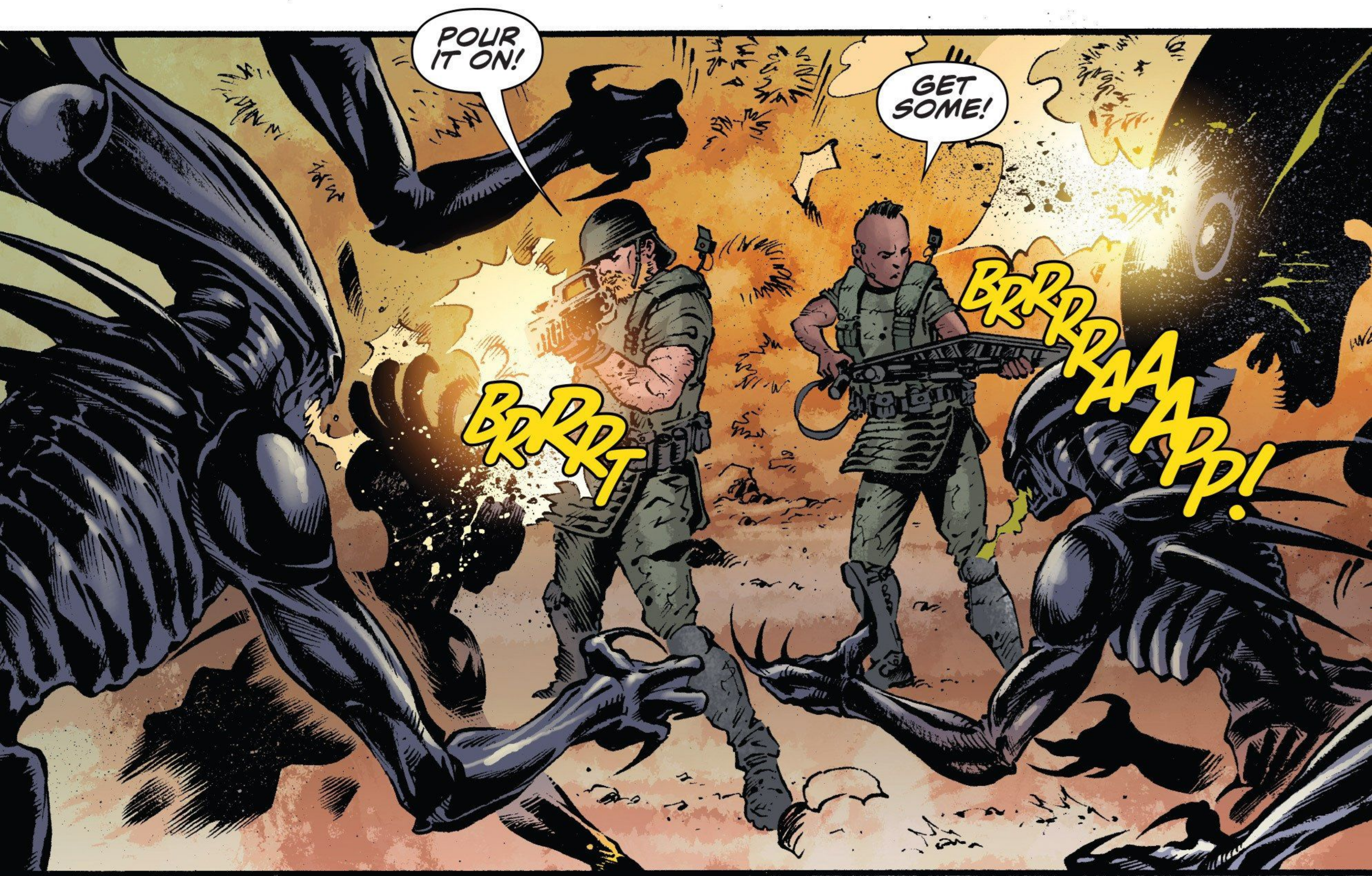
POSITIONS!

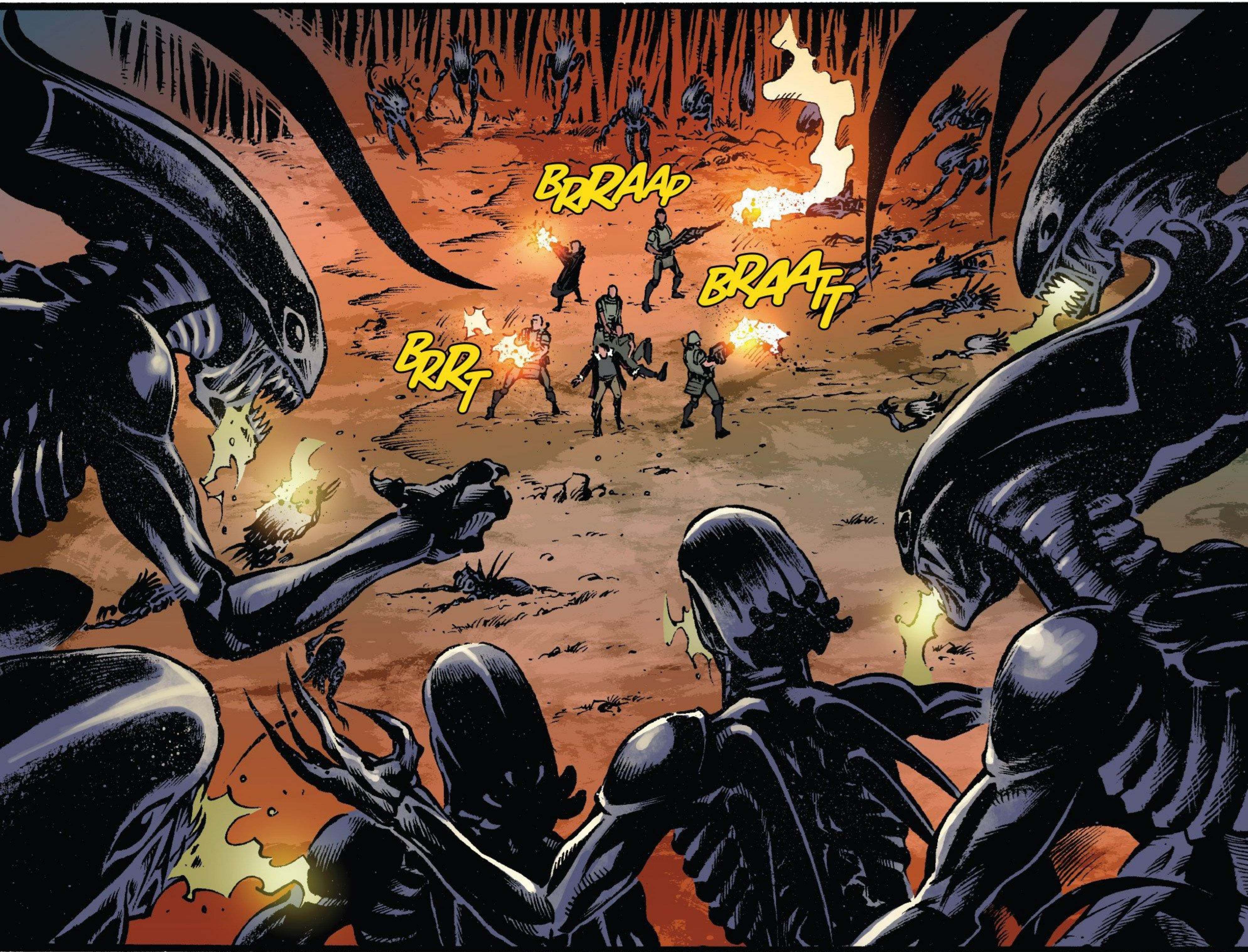
GO
REAL STEADY,
RUCKER.

















CAPTAIN ANGELA FOSTER.

SERGEANT... YOU'RE A SERGEANT, RIGHT?

I'M PULLING RANK.

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE YOUR PARTY CLEAR OF THIS AREA FAST. YOU ARE NECK DEEP IN XENOMORPH COUNTRY.

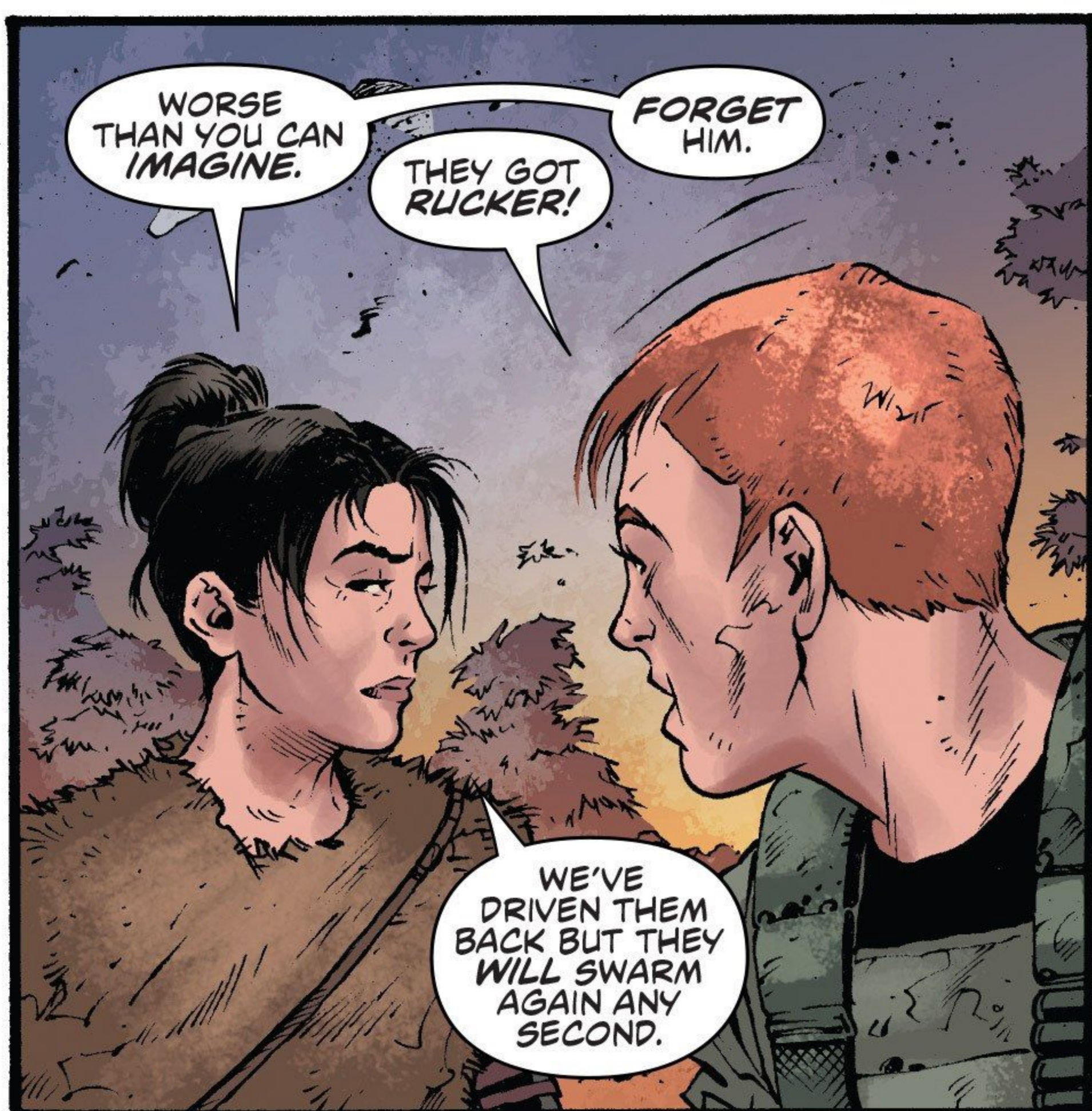
NO. NO!



I WANT ANSWERS RIGHT NOW--

SHUT UP AND DO AS I SAY.

IF THE XENOMORPHS GET YOU, THEY'LL DO MUCH WORSE THAN KILL YOU.



WORSE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE.

THEY GOT RUCKER!

FORGET HIM.

WE'VE DRIVEN THEM BACK BUT THEY WILL SWARM AGAIN ANY SECOND.



THEY WANT VIABLES AND WE ARE ALL VERY VIABLE.

VIABLE? WHAT--

THE TWO OF YOU ARE GOING TO EXTRACT US?



MORE INSANITY IN THIRTY DAYS!

L I F E A N D D E A T H

P R O M E T H E U S TM



*Next issue: **Two gods are worse than one!***

On sale August 10!